

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



FINAL
ISSUE

VOL. LVI

JUNE, 1937

No. 6

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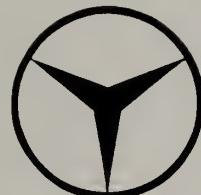
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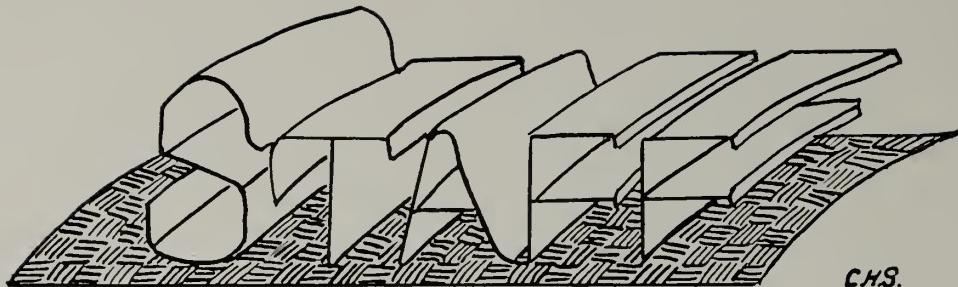
JUNE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorials	
Au Revoir	5
Class of 1937	5
Astronomy	6
Safety in the Home	7
Journee d'une Petite Fille Francaise	9
To Whom it May Concern	10
Arise! Arouse Yourself!	11
Episode in Kansas	12
Ode to Spring	13
Merely Impressionable	14
The Actor and the Alley	15
Ramblings of the Register's Raving Reporter	18
Plato and Socrates	21
It Happened One Night	21
Exchanges	22
Sappy Songs	22
Sports	23
How So?	24



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AU REVOIR

As labeled, this *Register* is the final number. When you read this the *Register's* year will have been finished. Six issues have been written and published, six *Registers* that we feel, have upheld the reputation attained by its predecessors.

The year started late as far as the *Register* was concerned. The staff was small and inexperienced and more eager to make drastic changes than to mold what we already had into better shape. Our first issue was certainly no better than "fair." We feel that the magazine has improved since.

We sincerely believe that we have improved the appearance of the magazine by new type faces and page rearrangement. We hope next year's staff will go still farther and improve the literary standards, which are more vital and stand in more need of improvement.

Next year's staff will enter the field with more experience and ability, for several of the lower classmen form the bullwark of this year's staff. We therefore expect the magazine to improve, but the lower classes must remember that a *Register*, worthy of the name, cannot be printed without their full cooperation and assistance.

We realize that in several parts we have failed miserably to improve the records set by previous staffs. The departments have become practically non-existent. We advise next year's editors to avoid the pitfalls that attracted us. Promote interest, and the magazine will take its deserved place over similar publications.

We feel we should compliment the business staff for they really made advances. They maintained a fairly steady average of ten pages of advertising per issue, which shows rather conscientious effort on their part.

We leave next year's staff several severe headaches and all the worries we had, but we leave them better equipped to meet them. After it's all over, we realize it has been much fun, and we might even like to do it over again. We know we should do better, but . . . "Good luck, Class of '38"; the Senior staff says, "*Au Revoir.*"

CLASS OF 1937

Latin School has long prided herself on the prominent, distinguished positions that her sons have commanded in the world after leaving her portals. The frieze of the assembly hall, replete with the names of the illustrious graduates of the past, is often pointed out as a indication of the august grandeur of the school and as a source of inspiration to the classes of the present day. We have been assured, and it is reasonable to assume, that history will repeat itself as it has been doing for three centuries, and part of the generations crop of leaders will again be drawn from Latin School classes.

A somewhat less idealistic point of view is sometimes expressed, however. In books and magazine articles facts have been presented which, according to the writers, indicate a rather wholesome failure on the part of those who were supposedly destined for brilliant careers and commanding positions. The idea of graduates of the foremost colleges who, twenty-five years after graduation, have little, if any economic security, employment which shows little promise for advance-

ment, and even very little cultural background or practical knowledge—all this presents anything but an encouraging picture.

Perhaps these extreme successes' counterbalance the correspondingly extreme failures. In either case only a small proportion is represented; there still hangs in the balance the vast majority, the bulk of high school or college graduates. Instead of being disregarded as some material inductible either for good or evil, this group merits consideration as the most numerous if not the most important class. The most broadly founded statistics indicate that their high school or college educations have rewarded the graduates materially. There may be periods of depression or ill luck in their lives, but most seem at least moderately successful and reasonably contented, although varying requisitions for success; different standards of living makes it impossible to determine, individually, just which persons really are successful.

Of course, not even this status constitutes complete success and at best is a far cry from realization of ambitious youthful plans. The question of the value of such ideals in the first place is another matter. This, however, is no attempt to destroy inspiring illusions and predict mediocre success for present-day graduates. Even if so directed, it would probably fail, for even without the stimulus and invocation of tradition and the success stories of the past, and in spite of the coldly calculated odds against him, any youth's inherent ambition, self-confidence, and energy will goad him to an attempt at an ideal success.

While some, then, may fail, others will triumph even beyond their expectations proving the fact that there is always room at the top. The majority, it would seem, ought to find themselves on a middle course, vastly different, perhaps, than what they had aimed at but, nevertheless, a fairly satisfactory one, perhaps much more satisfactory than they would ever before have imagined it could be.

—John J. Colahan, '37.

ASTRONOMY

Quite often we have interesting and instructive speakers at assemblies, but I think that Mr. Andrews, who spoke at a recent gathering of the upper classes, was outstanding. A Latin School man himself, he immediately found the way into our hearts by relating some very amusing anecdotes.

A member of the Astronomy Department at Harvard, Dean of Freshmen, he explained to us how mathematics, chemistry, physics, and geology—the four important sciences—are included in the subjects of Astronomy. His idea was to explain its advantages and arouse enough interest to make us consider it seriously.

He gave us a brief but comprehensive history of astronomy, explaining how successive advances in science opened new fields to the astronomer and increased his knowledge of the universe. He startled us with weird figures beyond our imagination and showed us why man was not able, until recently, to measure the movement of the planets and stars because of the great distance between them and the earth.

Also worthy of note was Mr. Powers' introduction. I doubt very much whether any one in the audience realized to what he was referring when he explained the reason why microbes do not worry or wonder about things outside their own world.

—F. A. Regan, '37.

SAFETY IN THE HOME

"Charity begins at home" is an old saying. We may make a slight change here, and that saying becomes "caution begins at home." The American Red Cross has gathered some information about accidents in the home which would make us think that we need a new maxim. Many people will not learn much about safety in the home by looking through columns of figures about the matter. However, most people will learn much about safety in the home if they read of real troubles which come up in your home and my home.

In a newspaper lately was a statement by a man studying deaths from automobiles. He wrote, "There is no such thing as an accident". From our study of science, we have learned that there is a cause for everything which happens. It would seem, then, that there is a lot of truth in his words. These road and home tragedies do not happen just by themselves. They take place because certain dangerous conditions were allowed to exist beforehand and really helped to bring about the unpleasant happening which we call an accident.

Last year, over 30,000 persons were killed in our country by the so-called home accidents. Of these deaths about 14,000 were caused by falls, about 6,000 were caused by burns and explosions, about 2,000 by poisons, and about 1,000 by asphyxiation. The remainder of the deaths were caused in many other ways, such as by firearms, suffocation, etc.

There were about 5,400 children killed in home accidents between birth and four years of age. Of these deaths, 33% were due to burns, 8% to falls, and the remainder to many different causes. A child this young is at the age in which he is curious about what is in the kettle, what is in this bottle, what is that knob? Unless tots of this age are continually watched by older persons trouble is ahead.

The deaths of children five to fourteen years of age in home accidents are fewer, but yet too common. Of the 2,500 of this age, 32% of the deaths were caused by burns, 18% by falls, 4% by suffocation, the remainder by many different causes. Building fires, climbing trees and roofs, seem to lead to many of these accidents.

There were around 9,000 men and women killed at home, 20% due to burns, 35% to falls, 8% to suffocation, and the remainder to many different causes. Such things as carelessness in hanging pictures, cooking, taking baths, etc., brought on these tragedies. Many of the older men and women seem to have met death through falls. This is due to a large extent from the extra brittle bones of the older people. These broken bones have at times punctured a lung or heart which really caused the death.

Seventy-five per cent of all these accidents could be avoided if a little more care were taken to do a thing right. Of course, there is about one chance in a thousand that one of these misfortunes will occur in your home, but once is enough. Act before it is too late. We cannot hope to show how to be cautious in avoiding each kind of home accident. We can pick out the common mishaps and show how they may be avoided.

Falls seem to occur most frequently on stairways, steps, porches, balconies, chairs, windows, bath-tubs, side-walks, wet linoleums, and polished floors. Usually the fall is caused by toys, pencils, tools, or other misplaced objects.

If the following suggestions are carried out, many lives will not be caused to end because of a fall. Keep stairways, steps, and doorways well lighted and in good repair. Be sure that porches and balconies have sturdy railings. Spread ashes, sand, or salt on icy walks. Remove wet leaves from porches and walks. Have Dad get a rubber bath mat for the tub and provide a couple of hand grips for the latter. Do not have rugs at the head or foot of stairs. Keep toys and household articles in closets, drawers, or shelves out of the way of stairs and halls. Have Mother or Dad get a step-ladder strong enough to stand on without the need of trusting a chair when hanging pictures.

Burns and scalds occur in all homes at one time or another. Small children play with matches and many times suffer painful burns. Carelessness on the part of the adult may lead to serious burns. On the Fourth of July young boys and girls playing with the so-called "harmless" firecrackers receive burns. In the Winter season unscreened fireplaces and hot radiators have caused many burns. Some of these troubles may be prevented by keeping matches out of the reach of the younger children. On wash-day Mother sometimes leaves pans or pots of boiling water on the floor and the children in running about may fall into the hot water. Cleaning fluids are sometimes flammable and may also be harmful to breathing. Carelessness in the use of electrical appliances causes burns. These things should be placed where they can be used easily and not reached by children.

Deaths by gas poisoning are often reported in the daily papers, especially during Winter. Many of these deaths really result from the deadly carbon monoxide gas which, by the way, has no color or odor. This gas comes from heaters and gas appliances, where combustion is not complete. We need not stop to mention the many deaths from this gas due to running an automobile engine in closed garage.

Suffocation in the cause of death once in a while where the bed-clothing on very young children is not properly arranged. Mothers sometimes cover the children with blankets, which become entangled about the child's head, stopping the breathing movements. Another form of suffocation is the closing of the nasal passages by some solid object, such as a marble, penny, button, etc. To prevent this hazard, teach children and adults the danger of putting small objects in the mouth.

Sickness and deaths from accidental poisoning are always with us. Many small children "sample" the contents of a bottle or can. Keep bottles plainly marked as to what is inside. There is also much danger in taking an overdose of medicine or not taking it as prescribed.

Many injuries and deaths are suffered by many people as a result of cuts, scratches, electric shocks, lifting objects which are too heavy, etc. These troubles may be prevented by handling all knives and tools carefully. Keep cutting tools out of childrens' hands. Avoid electric shocks by keeping wet hands away from electric fixtures. In regard to lifting heavy objects, many strains may be avoided by bending the knees and keeping the back straight.

Our attention must also be called to the causes of fires and how they may be prevented. Every week should be Fire Prevention Week. Defective chimneys, flues, stoves, and furnaces have started many fires, large and small. An annual inspection of these items is very desirable. Fire prevention week might well be a reminder for this work. Besides the careless use of matches, cigarettes seem to start a number of fires. Every smoker should remember to extinguish cigarettes

when through smoking. Ash trays should be emptied into a nonflammable receptacle, not the trash basket. Smoking in bed is a bad habit, full of danger. It is wise to keep supplies of flammable liquids stored outside the house. Candles should not be used unless under the constant attention of an adult.

After all, most home accidents can be traced to carelessness. As carelessness is a personal matter, each one of us will have to check up on his or her habits of life. If each one will do all he can to reduce his own carelessness, we shall all be more safe and less sorry. If we try to become cautious at home, we may also find that we are forming the very healthy habit of "safety first" on the street and highway.

Norman Gold, '42, Charles H. Lavis, '42, and Randolph Ross, '42.

JOURNÉE D'UNE PETITE FILLE FRANÇAISE

Six heures et demie sonnent à la pendule de la salle à manger et Anne-Geneviève se réveille, se frotte les yeux, et d'un bond saute hors du lit. Elle va à la salle de bain, où elle se lave. A sept heures et quart le déjeuner, comprenant des tartines de beurre et confitures, avec une tasse de café au lait, est prêt et l'attend à la salle à manger. Vers huit heures moins vingt Anne-Geneviève est priée d'aller dans sa chambre réviser ses leçons jusqu'à huit heures. Ensuite elle s'habille et part pour l'école.

Le long du chemin elle rencontre ses petites amies Collette, Yseult, Marie-Elizabeth, et elles font la causette, mais bientôt elles apperçoivent la grande porte de fer forgé du Lycée Louis Pasteur, et rivées dans la cour, elles jouent ou parlent en attendant la cloche de huit heures et demie qui leur rappelle le silence, elles montent en rang au vestiaire où elles se déshabillent et se vêtent d'une blouse en toile écrue.

A la porte de 4ème B, Anne-Geneviève et ses compagnes attendent sagement que le professeur d'histoire leur dise d'entrer. Entrée dans la classe, Anne-Geneviève prend sa place habituelle, qui est au premier rang, à côté de son amie Colette. Le professeur fait réciter la leçon, puis en explique une autre pour le prochain cours.

Mais neuf heures et demie sonnent, elles changent de cours, et le professeur de français fait son apparition. Les élèves sortent leurs cahiers et livres. Elles expliquent *Athalie* de Racine. Pendant le cours le professeur met quelquefois des mauvaises notes de conduite, car les élèves bavardent.

Puis dix heures et demie, elles ont dix minutes de récréation où Anne-Geneviève va jouer avec ses amies au "ballon prisonier." La partie n'est pas bien longue car la récréation est courte.

A onze heures moins vingt les élèves se rangent au bas du grand escalier et vont aux cours de sciences. Ici Anne-Geneviève change de classe, elle va dans une salle où les tables sont en pierre munies d'un robinet de cuivre d'où coule une eau pure quand le professeur veut faire faire aux élèves des expériences. Ce professeur n'interroge jamais les élèves, et fait quelquefois des projections.

Enfin onze heures et demie sonnent et la classe de 4ème B va au cours de gymnastique, où les élèves font des mouvements jusqu'à midi.

Puis la dernière cloche sonne et chacune s'en retourne chez elle, toute contente de pouvoir raconter à ses parents les incidents de la matinée de classe. Anne-

Geneviève déjeune, généralement, une viande, un légume, un fromage, et un dessert. A une heure et quart elle doit aller réviser sa leçon d'anglais pour l'après-midi, et à deux heures moins vingt elle est autorisée à partir.

De deux à trois heures elle a encore un cours de français et de trois à quatre heures un d'anglais. Généralement le professeur fait faire une interrogation écrite qui consiste à écrire la leçon sur "a half sheet of paper."

Quand la cloche de quatre heures sonne toutes les élèves sortent, vont au vestiaire s'habiller, et partent en rang. Anne-Geneviève doit être chez elle à quatre heures et quart où son goûter l'attend. A cinq heures elle doit faire son travail de classe jusqu'à sept heures. A cette heure-là elle dîne avec ses parents —un potage et un légume, quelquesfois une viande et un dessert.

Après le dîner elle va travailler jusqu'à neuf heures et ensuite elle a le droit de se coucher.

Voilà l'agréable journée d'une petite fille française. Mais le jeudi et le dimanche après-midi Anne-Geneviève va avec ses chers parents faire une longue promenade dans le bois de "Misery". Un jeudi après-midi par mois, Anne-Geneviève reçoit ses petites amies.

Geneviève Droz-Grey,
Besancon (Doubs)
France.
—Everett J. Daniels, '37
Foreign Correspondent.

[Ed. Note: *The above article was written and submitted to the Register by a little French girl, fourteen years old, in France. The composition is most interesting, not only from a scholastic point of view, but for the human interest it contains. This is genuine French, not text-book French, and the meaning is so clear, and the French so simple and free flowing that the most backward student of that language should be able to follow the thought.*

The article describes in minute detail the average day of a French girl, and is entirely original with Anne-Geneviève. All E. J. Daniels did was negotiate the sending of the story; no changes have been made from the original.

D. S. M.]

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

"Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding."

It is a very long time since King Solomon in his wisdom wrote down this piece of advice. However, it is still sound and can well be heeded by Latin School Boys. The curriculum is so arranged that little reviewing can be done. The size of the classes prevents the teacher from administering knowledge in individual doses. The subject matter is laid before the pupil. It is up to him to digest it thoroughly, skim through it, or pass it up. As Mr. Hobbs has said: "I've done more than my share; now do yours." The actual marks on the report card, be they red or blue, do not count. What does count is whether or not a pupil, after being exposed to knowledge, remembers it, one week, one year, or five years from time of exposure.

Unfortunately there are many who pay little or no attention to the teacher while in the classroom. In the lower classes occasional inattention is pardonable, but in the upper classes any inattention is downright foolishness. Students in the upper classes can't afford to miss some explanation in order to play tic-tac-toe or watch a volley-ball game over at Simmons College. Latin School presents to each pupil a superior education for the price of an ordinary one. If this offer was made with regard to car checks, lunch checks, soap, or Ford cars, everyone would take it. The way some fellows attempt to escape education offered in this way, one would think it resembled measles. The trouble is that there will come a time when there will be a great wailing because opportunities were overlooked.

So, to those who have been drowsing every period except study periods, when they have really slept, take a hint. You may not now see the value of storing away in the filing system, commonly called the brain, every bit of knowledge available; but there is a chance that it may be useful in the future.

—J. G. Gavin, '37.

ARISE! AROUSE YOURSELF!

The year is drawing to a close. By the time this article reaches print, the beginning of the end will be at hand. For some, it will be an unhappy ending; others will be overjoyed by unexpected promotions; still others are so certain of passing that they will take it as a matter of course. It is an attempt to change the fate of the first and realize that of the second class that I address this message. You may be "in the hole" in four subjects, and pretty deeply at that. You have taken it easy, and now, unless there is some divine miracle, you will take the consequences. Without meaning to be impious in any way, I would like to say that this intervention can not only be not divine, but even under your own direct control. Not a little now, but a great deal (and won't it be worth it?) of extra effort can probably pass you on trial, and, perhaps, even in the clear. It will be hard for most to get down to this extra work; the best thing to do is to ask the advice of the subject master. Do not ever think that he is "down on you"—nothing of the sort. It is no compliment for a teacher to have a pupil fail him. All of them will take the slightest possible excuse to pass a "low student." And the best excuse is that the boy himself has raised his mark. Many teachers, instead of giving final examinations, count the last two months as four, by doubling the marks. Under this system, by working hard, a boy can usually raise his marks sufficiently to pass himself for the year. If his average is no less than 45%, and if his last mark is passing and higher than any of the others, his teacher will try to pass him. There is still hope and a little time. But you must act *now*, at once. There is nothing ahead to sustain you, no more chance of balancing. You must do all your balancing *now*. As a man must make money to cover previous losses, so must you gain more credits to balance previous failures. I wish you all the luck in the world, but you must realize that luck plays a very small part in the final reckoning.

—R. W. Alman, '38.

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

EPISODE IN KANSAS

From the windows of a thousand homes cheery lights twinkled brightly up at a drab sky, dull with a heavy darkness that shut out the stars completely. Twin beams of light denoted the passage of automobiles along the winding highways to and from the sparsely settled city. The night was young, and chilled with a stiff breeze that seemed to grow stronger with the passing hours.

Through a barred aperture, high in the corner of his cell, a man watched and listened, and noted the darkness of the night and the stiffening of the wind that perhaps betided rain. He arose, clad in prison gray, from a tiny cot and paced up and down the narrow confines of his chamber, like a caged beast. Suddenly he sprang to his cell door and shrieked down the long corridor, "Guard! Guard!" and broke off his words with a horrid babble of incoherency.

Then he was slipping, sliding down the embankment about the prison walls, and was lost in the pitchy night, running straight away without ever a backward glance.

Through the window of a flimsy hall-like structure was a sight unexpected. Gaily colored ribbons of wide crepe paper were wound diligently about every place of advantage, and the lighting was subdued and indirect. Down at one end was what served for a stage, draped with rather decent hangings, and the room was virtually filled with young people. The vibrant sounds of their merry-making

were contrasted on the outside with the whining of a shrill gale that swept the stinging dust into small whirlpools in the air, and carried bits of free rubbish, bounding and scraping down the street with it.

Riding on the wind down a long highway that led into the city roared a light coupe with the throttle wide open. From a distance, the head-lights swayed up and down, varying as the inconsistencies of the road; and the driver, without coat or necktie, very disheveled in appearance, hardly noticed that the wind kept up with his speedometer, the stiff breeze had changed almost to a hurricane in intensity.

Windows began to bang violently against frames, and screen doors slammed viciously back and forth in the storm's teeth. The night was black, and thick with dust. A wooden barrel rolled by, dashing against the curbing as it went, with furious clamor as the barrel hoops were shattered off and the pieces individually took up the flight. The howl of the gale slashing through the tree-tops added to the din, and the air was filled with torn leaves and flying papers. Window-shades went up, and frightened faces peered out into the enveloping sooty blackness. Unseen, high above the level plains, nebulous forms scudded and raced each other across the sky, misty fingers searching, searching through the night.

Then it struck, with the suddenness of a striking thunderbolt, the dreaded

Kansas cyclone, ripping and tearing at the sleeping lands below, wreaking havoc and destruction all about. And in the middle of the rushing tornado was the crepe-decorated hall, now being buffeted madly by the debris of the storm. Inside, the would-be merrymakers were silent and worried.

The light coupe now too was caught in the grip of the cyclone, but at jerky intervals it proceeded on, sometimes almost stopped by a head wind, sometimes rushing madly ahead in the van. As it started to enter the city, the driver cut off the main road, and, caught on the edge of the outside circular blast of the tornado, began to speed ahead. Far in front, one of the fellows at the party looked out of the window of the hall through the murky dust, and watched the headlights come closer and closer.

With a rending roar, the folks there suddenly felt the full blast of the terrific winds on their faces, and the girls screamed in terror as they looked upward and watched the beam-supported roof lifted slowly and swept away, letting in a drizzle of cold rain that slashed their faces like needles of ice. Majestically the God of the Storm picked up the huge roof, dropping timbers back upon the hapless party-guests, and smashed it flat, upside down, on the street outside.

The rain laid the dust, but also greased the pavement with slimy mud, so that when the speeding coupe reached there, it slithered madly across the mud and crazily crashed into the obstacle in its path. The first sound he heard above all

the rest of the fury of the night was the crackling of flames, and the crying of the trapped people within the building beside him.

His pants were prison gray, his eyes had that prisoner's slant to them, his hair was cropped in the style of a convict. As he looked back up the road whence he had come, he fancied he heard the shriek of police sirens above the noise of the elements as pursuit hovered close to his trail; and there, across on the other side of the crumpled mass, stood a high-power sedan, rocking on its springs.

In the wreckage, pinned down by thick cross-beams that were tangled across the floor like match-sticks, many cried feebly, but the unencumbered vainly tore at the steel mesh gratings on the windows trying to get away from the flames that sprang from high voltage short-circuits. One door was crushed into a broken mass; the other, barred by thick oak beams. The fellows inside trying to get out did not notice several shots that added their puny reports to the sublime cacophony of the elements. The escaped convict outside fired again at the locks on the swinging gratings with a black gun that spat a great chunk of flame with each firing. Then, he pulled one open and leaped in.

* * * *

Awhile later, as he looked up at the tiny barred aperture, high in the corner of his cell, and paced to and fro from wall to wall, he wondered why he had not taken the high-power sedan.

—David S. McNally, '37.

ODE TO SPRING

The sun shines,
Glorious.
Outside the sky is blue.
Scarce any cloud
Passes.
Cool winds breathe softly over the world.
Peace,
Quietude.
Somewhere a bird sings.
Sweet.

Voices around me
Are dim.
Tragedy stalks!
Silence. . . .
A cry pierces the stillness!
Commotion!
I see red!
Report Cards. . . .

—Matthew J. Horner, '38.

MERELY IMPRESSIONABLE

Mr. Marshall viewed with a resigned air that which had been his Sunday-to-visit suit. Either a pack of wildcats had been at it, what was more likely, Junior had been using his new Boy Scout knife. Shaking his head, he went to the closet for the old blue serge. . . .

"John! For heaven's sake, hurry down here!"

John considered himself "tops" as a mimic of W. C. Fields and Martha had afforded him a golden opportunity. After much throat-clearing and many mumbled attempts, he managed to squeeze in his bass voice, "Coming, my little chickadee; coming!" Then, when he had finished marvelling at his own ingenuity, he descended the stairs to the kitchen, struggling furiously with his collar button.

"John!—Oh, John! I'm afraid Junior's brain has snapped." Martha was weeping.

Although prompted to ask, "What brain, dear?" Mr. Marshall merely wrinkled his forehead and cocked one eye inquisitively, awaiting further explanation.

"He's been acting like a—a lunatic. The only thing he has on is his underwear shorts, and he hasn't washed himself or combed his hair, and he insisted upon eating his breakfast egg raw!"

Mr. Marshall shrugged disinterestedly and finished tying his tie. To his mind, those things which his wife had mentioned were neither unusual nor impossible. Long before, there had come to him the realization that his son was "non compos mentis". As for the raw egg, Martha never did boil one more than five seconds, so that he, personally, could never differentiate between a raw egg and one Martha had "boiled".

Quick to notice her spouse's indifference, Mrs. Marshall hastily continued, "Oh, but that isn't all, *dear*. He's taken

to living in the trees all day, gibbering, leaping from branch to branch, and uttering the most appalling shrieks. Furthermore, he's organized *all* the boys of the neighborhood into an ape tribe of which he has made himself king."

In spite of herself, a stray note of motherly pride crept into her voice as she made the last announcement.

"What harm is there in that?" John wanted to know.

"Harm?" The sarcasm was acid. "No harm whatever. He might even fall from a tree and break an arm or a leg. Better still, he might break his neck!"

John nodded involuntarily. That would be infinitely better.

Mrs. Marshall became exasperated. "It's your Aunt Lizzy's fault," she accused.

John was astonished. Why *my* Aunt Lizzy? Before this, it was simply Aunt Lizzy; but the moment there's an argument, it's *my* Aunt Lizzy. What do you. . . .

Martha interrupted. "Ever since *your* Aunt Lizzy gave Junior that set of Tarzan books there's been no handling him. Of all things, Tarzan books! And she isn't satisfied with one book. Oh, no. She sends a whole set!"

"Imagine giving a mere child of sixteen Tarzan books! Why, I'd hesitate at giving them to you!"

"It isn't that Junior's a fool. He's merely very impressionable."

An outsider, present at the time, might have wondered, as did Mr. Marshall, whether Martha wasn't trying to convince herself.

"Now, John, as the boy's father. . . ."

"Oh, no you don't!" interrupted Mr. Marshall. "I won't have any part of this. It's up to *you*, as the idio—, the boy's mother, to handle this situation. You're always impressing upon me the fact that

you alone are supervising his upbringing. Well, go on and supervise, but kindly leave me out of this."

Martha was again on the verge of tears, and in attempting to control herself, she accomplished amazing feats in facial contortion.

Suffering acute pangs of conscience, John surrendered a point and made a suggestion.

"If I were you, dear, I would get Junior something really constructive to occupy his min . . . , his time. You've always maintained that he's very quick to catch on to anything really constructive".

John's eyes betrayed the doubt he felt, but anything rather than tears.

One glance at the clock showed him already fifteen minutes late for the office. Blazing into action, he finished dressing, gulped a cup of black coffee, slammed on his hat; and he was out of the house.

As he was dashing through the gate, he paused and called back, "Don't forget, dear. Something constructive".

* * * *

Martha met him in the reception hall.

"John!—Oh, John!" she wailed. "I don't know what I'm going to do with Junior."

"Well?" asked Mr. Marshall, resignedly.

"It's all your fault, John. What a moronic idea! Something constructive, indeed! I never saw such. . . ."

"Wait a moment. Wait a moment!" John outshouted her. "What's my fault? What have I done now?"

"John, I bought Junior a tool kit." Martha almost whispered. Then, by way of argument, "If anything is constructive,

a tool k. . . ." Her voice faded away.

John calmly began to whistle while removing his coat and hat. Then, possessing an instinct born of experience, he made for the parlor. . . .

A leg of the new grand piano was missing; several floor boards were ripped up; the radio cabinet had disappeared; and his favorite chair nailed to the floor.

After a complete survey, he turned to Martha. "The other rooms are in a similar condition, of course." It was more a statement than a question. Martha nodded dazedly and John began to whistle again. He made a cursory inspection of the dinning-room and returned to the parlor.

"From Tarzan to carpenter, in one step. What a boy!—I hope you're satisfied, now that Junior's regained his sanity." John placed an unnecessary amount of stress on the last word; but, on the whole, he spoke without malice. "If you're relieved, it's worth all this."

Suddenly, both became aware of a most deafening bellow. To John, it meant little, if anything. Martha fainted dead away. When John had managed to revive her, he asked for the explanation of her sudden collapse. Even as she began to answer, the same shriek that they had heard a few moments before was repeated. Mrs. Marshall shuddered at the sound.

Light began to dawn upon Mr. Marshall. "What *was* that?" he asked, although he already had a fair idea.

"That," explained Mrs. Marshall hopelessly, "is the victory cry of the bull-ape."

—D. J. Maness, '38.

THE ACTOR AND THE ALLEY

With his collar turned up to his ears, his hat slouched down over his eyes, and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he walked slowly past the theatre. Many early-birds, waiting for the box-office to open, stood gazing at the placard which

bore his name in large print:

ARTHUR SUNDON

Famous Comedian of Stage,

Screen, and Radio

IN PERSON

He continued down the sidewalk until

he came to an enlarged crack in the walls. They called this Argo Place, but it was nothing more than an alley between two gigantic buildings. The comedian turned, and disappeared into the black abyss.

He walked on between the blank, dirty, red walls, with a creepy sensation. He didn't like it. It was too dark, too gloomy for safety; a suitable spot for a hold-up, or even a murder! Unconsciously, he glanced over his shoulder; no one was in sight. He was a celebrity, and rich, too, he thought, and any one might rob him, for he had about one hundred dollars in his pocket. My, but the stage door was quite well set back from the street! He hurried on, reached his destination, and dashed in.

"Good morning, Mr. Sundon," said old Pete, the door-man, startled by the sudden opening and closing of the door. Is there anything wrong?"

"No," replied the star with a sigh of relief. "No. It's just that alley. It gives me the creeps!"

"Yeah, I guess it would," said Sam, settling back in his chair with his pipe.

"Y'know," ventured Sundon, lighting a cigarette. "What gets me, is why these high-classed theatres have to have such dirty alleys around them! Oh, well, I've got to rush. So long!"

"See you later."

* * * *

The show was over, and Mr. Arthur Sundon, star of radio, stage, and screen, again approached the stage door, this time on his way out.

"Going out for lunch?" asked the door-keeper.

"Yes."

"Well, there's a swell little restaurant just around the corner to your left. You can eat there, and no one will bother you."

"Thanks," said Mr. Sundon. "I'll go there."

He stepped out into the alley, the same alley, whose darkness was not penetrated by the rays of the midday sun. Our hero "didn't feel so hot" because his act didn't go over the way he wanted it to. Well, he thought, there are other shows. Other shows! How many times a day would he have to run the gauntlet of shadows in this alley? He felt his pocket. One hundred dollars.

Looking up, he saw two silhouettes come slowly into the gloom at the street end. The comedian stopped. Were they hold-up men? Unconsciously he felt his pocket. The money rustled. What should he do? There no one else in the alley but these three. He shrank deeper into his overcoat and gazed at the ground. If he should resist them, they would probably shoot him! Hold-up men are desperate? He felt empty inside, but hurried on.

Mr. Arthur Sundon, comedian of stage, screen, and radio, was conscious of one fellow walking by him, a tall fellow. Well! He sighed, relieved. Perhaps they were only employees of the theatre. But a "Hey, Ken!" from the other drove that out of his head and put in its place sheer terror. Hold-up men, no doubt! Desperate men! He did not like that voice. It was harsh. Oh! Should he run? A form materialized in front of him. It stood still there, hands in its pockets. Hold-up! Again the question flashed though his brain—should he run? No! The fellow behind probably had him covered. A hundred dollars is a lot of money to lose! He saw the young man in front slowly take his hand out of his pocket! Was it a gun? A gun! Oh! What should he do? Then a nervous, expectant voice came out of the darkness. . . . Please, Mr. Sundon, may I have your autograph? . . .

—Matthew J. Horner, '38.



STATISTICS SHOW~~~

by Charles H. Savage Jr.



RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Apr. 12. Meeting of the First Class to practise the touching strains of the Class Song.

Apr. 12a. (We can't say 13—it's unlucky). Assembly of Classes III and IV. . . . Meeting of the First Class to practise the touching strains of the Class Song.

Apr. 14. Assembly of Classes V and VI. . . . Meeting of the First Class to practise the touching strains of the Class Song. . . . After the groaning subsided, Mr. Russo spoke as follows to his unhappy class today: "Some day you'll come back and thank me." And quick as the proverbial flat—er—flap, came the reply, "Oh, no sir, we'll be with you for a long, long time." . . . Lack-a-day.

Apr. 15. When a would-be heckler asked Mr. Cannell (who is taking applications for the "Y" swimming lessons) if he would "teach him how to swim," the worthy gentleman replied quite seriously, "No, I would drown you!" . . . Can't say as we blame him. . . .

Apr. 15. The answer to R. V. W. (who wrote the fan letter to the hero of *Pinafore*) is: No; the Sixth Class has soprano voices. . . . Meeting of the First Class to practise the touching strains of the Class Song. (We know you're tired of this

repetition, but we were tired of the repetition of the singing of the song.)

Apr. 16. Class Day for the Seniors. The best part of it was that we veterans could sleep until noon. . . . McNally made dire prophecies. Silver, after leaving everything in his will, finally left the stage. Schnaper delivered that soporific oration. (It wasn't worthy of note, but he likes to see his name in print.)

Apr. 17-25. The last vacation before the Boards. . . . A boy of the Second Class was espied playing golf with a prominent master who teaches German and history. There's a lad with foresight! . . . This same master was later seen playing with a group of eight-year olds. He warned us not to say anything about "second childhood"; so we won't.

Apr. 26. Noch einmal zurück . . . Latin 18, Trade 2. We mention it because it's the only victory to date. See our excellent sports section for details. (*Advt.*)

Apr. 27. Pictures were taken of a few of the clubs. It is estimated that approximately 200% of the members of each club were in the pictures.

Apr. 28. Mr. Miller gives sound advice, financial and scholastic: "Don't play the horses."

Apr. 29. Assembly of Classes I and II. Mr. Powers laughed villainously (heh, heh) at the thought of what would happen to a senior who got out of school early and then went to college. . . . More club pictures taken. . . . Flash! All pictures scheduled for today will be taken tomorrow. . . . Which means wearing drill pants one more day for all the officers.

Apr. 30. Assembly of Classes III and IV again. . . . What's this about being in pictures of only two clubs? *O tempora!* *O mores!* We've been in five!

May 3. The first school day of May. And the next month is June and at the end of June—di servent—we can't go on! (To be recited with strong tragic effect.)



A. E. Hayes, '38

R. W. Alman, '38

E. J. Daniels, '37

Photos by Lerner

May 4. Nichols paid all his old debts. Just a case of pennies from Nichols. . . . Mr. Lord observes that on a certain electrical problem most of the class went hay wire. . . This one came up today: Teacher: "Have you yet decided whether you are going to take the Boards?" Pupil: "Yes. NO!" . . . Ye R.R.R. will take them as they come. They come quite hard.

May 5. . . . A journey ended tonight. Has no one told Mr. Russo that he produced "Journey's End" last year? Mirabile dictu, the Registers came out on time. . . . Meeting of the French Club, mentioned to take up space.

May 6. Last day of marks for Seniors. . . Class of '37 banquet at night. "Doc" McVey should make a good politician, judging by the angle at which he kept

that big cigar. And wasn't Bjorklund a wee bit hesitant when he called Mr. Winslow by nickname?

May 7. Prize Drill, with Dimond, Simons, and Struzziero coming out on top. Even if Dimond hadn't had so good a company, his stentorian voice would have scared the judge into dropping about half a dozen points. . . . Mr. Russo now refuses to take checks for the College Board fee. We ought to send him to M. I. T. they know how to fix rubber so that it won't bounce! (Subtle, wot?)

May 10. From a Latin teacher who has already had too much free advertising: "See how Theseus won Ariadne? He had to pull the strings." . . . History prize exam! Why shouldn't we take it—to get out of four full periods?

May 11. We take this opportunity to mention the names of Alfred, Bornstein, Dunphy, Hoffman, Lurie, Richmond, Sepi-nuck, Shapira, and Simon. They have been pestering us to do so ever since their

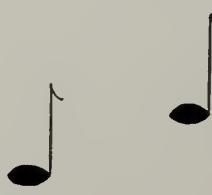
discovery of our little red notebook.

May 12. Report cards come out. Write your own comment. . . . And now that most momentous occasion, the deadline of the final issues of the *Register*. . . . Put on your dark glasses, for in a few lines the R.R.R.—all three of them—is going to take off his masks. (No peeking, now!) But, before we signal to our bodyguards, we would like to give the customary thanks. First of all; to the Faculty, who have so kindly refrained from relentlessly tracking us down and giving us our just deserts for some of our gossiping remarks. Especially, to Mr. Marson, whose all-seeing censorship has more than once kept us from making utter fools of ourselves. Then, we thank the Editors, who have ever been ready to delay issues just for us, or so we have fondly hoped. Last but not least, we thank the student body, which has laughed silently and criticized us loudly. No more evasions—no more open falsehoods—*here we are!*

Everett J. Daniels, '37

Ralph W. Alman '38

Albert C. Hayes Jr. '38



PLATO AND SOCRATES

Can anything equal the sensations experienced as one receives his first 100% in a subject, I think not. Even in Grecian times it must have given Plato, student of Socrates, an overwhelming feeling of superiority. Probably Plato did not take "exams" or "quizzes"; the Greeks were too advanced for such torture.

However, you cannot deny that Plato certainly had lessons to do . . . And for the sake of argument and imagination, let us suppose he did take exams.

"Oh! But, Socrates; that's right! You yourself said that the only Ideal Republic was a Democracy."

"I do not deny it. The question, however, was not as you supposed. It was, how can the Ideal Republic be founded?"

"It was not so, Sir. It was not. I believe, Sir, that you, my teacher and friend, are getting slowly absent-minded."

"No! No! Let it never be known, never."

"Ha, but is it not true?"

"No."

"Yes, my teacher. It grieves me deeply. I am touched to the heart."

"Plato, my dearest friend, my disciples, do not repeat this tale. Do, I pray thee, make this not a twice-told tale."

"Then, my teacher, I would tell a falsehood. And the seed of all your ideals would be lost."

"Plato, console me. I beseech thee, repeat not it."

"Ah, my teacher, what shall I do? Shall I say this: My master giveth me a question and then denieth it? No, my teacher; mark my paper justly."

"Plato, brightest of my pupils, would you have it said that your great teacher, I, Socrates, am a weakling and tremble at my pupil's bidding?"

"But to receive a 100% would do my pride good. If I receive not a passing grade, I shall be in the depths of unjust inferiority."

"Well, Plato, my pet, my most brilliant of future philosophers, let us make a compromise. And I will not need to make a concession. In brief, Plato, my logical one, we will neither of us count this past exam. It shall be as naught."

"It shall be as you say, master," granted Plato, who was worse than hazy as to Socrates's original question, as these two philosophers went arm in arm into the nearby saloon. The Greeks also had a word for it.

—*Earl Wedrow, '41.*

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

As usual, McBride's luck was holding out . . . bad luck. His first day at the front-line trenches, and he was chosen to go with his three buddies to "visit" a machine-gun nest of the enemy—their calling-card, the bullets which snuggled so close to them in their ammunition-belts. Zero hour, 2.00 A.M.

"1.36, boys, . . . said McBride, answering the questioning looks of the three men huddled about him. The crash of an exploding shell interrupted him. Even the "cockney's" sharp witticism, which usually raised the spirits of his friends,

seemed subdued.

More silence clamped down on the four men. The thin, cold drizzle seemed to prick their tense faces as if each raindrop were a piercing pin-point. The steps of the sentry soughed from the mucky depths of the trench. A mist, with fingers like death itself, rose from the soggy earth, now gliding forward, now hesitating, now gliding forward again . . . always coming nearer. The luminous hands of McBride's wrist-watch showed that but five minutes remained . . . five minutes of mental torture.

Suddenly, there was the screeching of a shell much louder than ever before . . . closer, closer . . . shrill in its crescendo. The men instinctively ducked their strained faces as white as the groping, choking mist which hovered above them.

Then, it struck like a thunderbolt from the very Heavens above . . . !

A rat scurried across "No Man's Land," hesitating only for a moment at the fragments of a wrist-watch with luminous hands.

—Robert Levine, '38.

EXCHANGES

Perhaps one or two of you have noticed that this column was conspicuous by its absence in the last few issues. We plead guilty and place ourselves at the mercy of the court. We have no defence. But enough excusing let us swing into the stride.

From the Boston College High School *Botolphian* we quote an entire article, believing it worthy of your study:

By a man's books you shall know him. Does he who steals the purse of your literary treasures steal Trash? If you are a "newspaper monger", he does. The daily newspaper fulfills the office of imparting facts. But facts, unrelated, free as the air, are as worthless as the sound of waves breaking on an island shore—unless significance is drawn from them and connected with universal Truth.

Good books, literature, in fact, stands in relation to the ephemeral news article as soul to body. We read both, but should be more solicitous for the health of the former and to keep in contact with modern life and its changes, we need

the newspaper, but a too rigid diet on this weak food will give us little appetite when a substantial meal of worthwhile literature is set before us.

The article is signed F. W. L.

* * * *

From the Brighton High School *Imp* we quote one stanza of a poem entitled "The Senior":

An air of great importance, a scorn of Junior small,

Slight knowledge of biology, infect of studies, all

With such amounts of learning, awaiting fortune's call.

Remember, ye wise Senior, "Pride goes before the fall."

By the way, the poem was written by a Junior.

We quote a short ditty from the *Western Star*, published by the Western Junior High of Somerville, Mass.:

Fumbled in Latin, failed in Math.

They heard him softly hiss

I'd like to meet the guy who said
That "Ignorance is Bliss."

SAPPY SONGS

"It Ain't Right" to eat lunch in the 4th period.

"Lost" Theme song for Class I.

"These Foolish Things" Homelessons.

"I Can't Escape from You" "30" in Physics.

"Until Today" I was passing German.

"Awake in a Dream" Taking a chemistry test.

"You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes" Greek teacher to Rm. 335.

"Tormented" Cahill after class dues.

"California Here I Come" After showing report card.

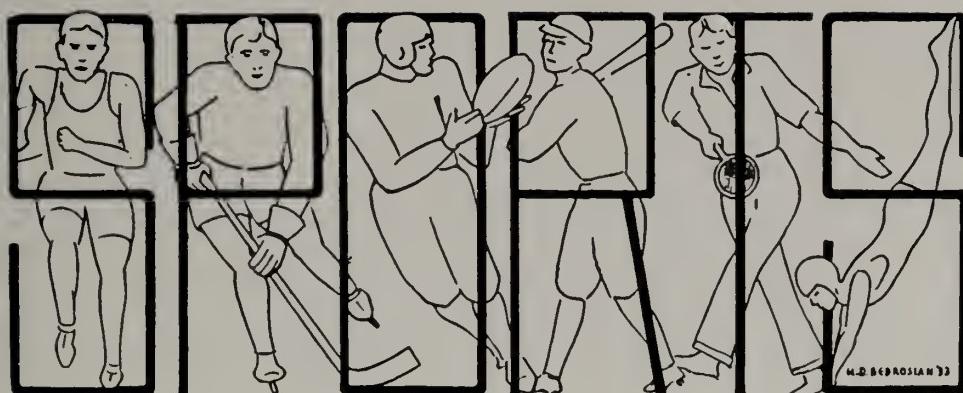
"Every Night at Eight" John, are you doing your homelessons?

"Let's Put Our Heads Together" Morning conference on homework.

"Nothing Blue But the Sky" Report cards included.

"Swing For Sale" B. L. S. band.

—Wm. J. Cadigan, '37.

**LATIN 18, TRADE 2**

Behind the combined two-hit pitching of Bjorklund, Clay, and Connolly, and paced at bat "Tom" Higgins, who had a perfect day with three singles and a triple in four times at bat, Latin downed a weak Trade team by the score of 18 to 2. The winners came through with thirteen hits for a total of seventeen bases, but the eleven Trade errors swelled the result to football-like proportions.

Latin batted completely around in three innings, scoring four runs each time. The opponents, meanwhile, were helpless, Bjorklund struck out seven men in the three innings he worked. "Lou" Clay, who took up the burden for the next three rounds, looked impressive with a sharp curve and a beautiful change of pace. "Jim" Connolly finished the game without yielding a hit.

Higgins batted in two runs and scored four times himself. "Dizzy" Goldenburg, while supposedly a substitute, was next in line for batting honors, coming through with three singles in five trips to the plate, tallying three times, and driving in two more markers.

The score: R H E
 Latin 1 4 4 0 3 4 2 0 0 — 18 13 3
 Trade 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 — 2 2 11

HARVARD J. V. 10, LATIN 5

Although Latin outhit their opponents 12 to 9, the boys from Avenue Louis Pasteur were on the tail-end of a 10-to-5 score in a game played with the Harvard Junior Varsity at Soldiers Field. Errors played but a small part as the boys failed to hit in the clutches and, as a result, not enough runs were forthcoming.

Most of the plaudits of this game go to Louis Clay, who, although he was the losing pitcher, looked particularly good in striking out thirteen opposing batters. If the team had afforded him better support, Lou probably, in all events, would have been the winning pitcher.

"Freddy" Keyes continued his good hitting, getting two out of four, a triple and a double. Radley and Dacey also contributed triples as part of their duties. The Score: R H E
 Harvard 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 8 — 10 9 1
 Latin 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 2 — 5 12 1

B. C. HIGH 17, LATIN 8

Latin continued its losing habits by bowing to an impressive Boston College High nine, 17-8. The victors hammered out ten singles, three triples, and a home run, and, assisted by seven Purple errors, amassed their total. Their attack was led by Clark, with four singles and a triple, and Commame, who lashed out a three-

bagger and a home run.

"Jim" Connolly, who twirled the full game for Latin, was nowhere near so ineffective as the score would indicate. B. C. High scored in only three innings, and, save for these, he looked very good, fanning thirteen. Men on the bases, however, seemed to worry him.

"Bunzo" Burns drove in the first two Latin runs with a double in the second. Fred Keyes repeated this act four innings later, after a walk to Higgins with the bases loaded had forced in the third run. Flanagan celebrated his return to eligibility by spanking a liner to left-center to drive in two more runs in the eighth, and Dacey scored the final counter as Burns was grounding out in the concluding stanza.

The score:	R	H	E										
B. C. High	5	6	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	—	17	14	5
Latin	0	2	0	0	3	0	2	1	—	8	8	7	

HARVARD FRESHMEN 12, LATIN 6

In a loosely played contest, the Harvard Freshmen baseball team took the measure of Boston Public Latin 12 to 6.

Errors predominated and played an important part in allowing runs to register. All together, there were thirteen miscues, ten of which were made by Latin, which gave their opponents many undersized runs.

Brodde Bjorklund performed notably on the mound and deserved a better fate. It was simply another case of a well-pitched game going for naught when little support was given the pitcher by the other members of the team.

"Wally" Clement was the big sticker for the Purple, banging out a double and a single. Dacey, Higgins, and "Johnny" Sullivan also came through at various times to produce hits which accounted for runs. Incidentally, it was a former B. C. H. star, "Bob" Fulton, who managed to put the game on ice for the freshmen when he clicked out a home run with two aboard.

The score:	R	H	E									
Harvard '40	0	2	0	2	5	1	1	1	-	12	12	3
Latin	-	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	-	6	6	10

[Ed. Note: We wish to officially thank Edward Browne, '38 for his help in this and other issues in the Sports Dept.]



HOW SO?

Tell me not in mournful numbers
What my mark in French will be;
Any one must "flunk" who slumbers—
Passing marks are not for me!

Lives of great men all remind us
We shall never learn their deeds,
As, though struggling, we do find us
Getting marks below our needs.

Time is short and days are fleeting
Rapidly, and all too soon
We—di servent?—will be seeing
Graduation day in June!

Let us then be up and learning,
With a heart for any test,
That, by midnight oil a-burning,
We may graduate with the rest.
—Everett J. Daniels, '37.

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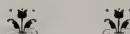
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